Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde
And stops he now for breath?
Enter Darby.
How now, what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.
Enter Tirrel.
Is thy name Tirrell?
Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?

Tir.

Tir. Proue me my gracious soue
King. Darst thou resolue to kill a f
Tir. I my Lord, b t I had rather ki
King. Why there thou hast it, two
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleep
Are they that I would haue thee deale
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the t
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to
And soone Ile rid you from the feare
King. Thou singst sweete musicke
Go by that token, rise and lend thine
Tis no more but so, say it is done
And I will loue thee, and prefere thee
Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord
King. Shall we heare from thee
Enter Buckingham.
Tir. Ye shall my Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue considered
The late demaund that you did sound
King. Well, let that passe, Dorse
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. *Stanly* he is your wiues sonn
Buc. My Lord, I claime your gift
For which your honor and your fath
The Earledome of Herfort and the mo
The which you promised I should po
King. *Stanly* looke to your wife, if sh
Letters to Richmond you shall answe
Buc. What sayes your highnesse to
King. As I remember, *Henry* thes
Did prophesie that Richmond should
When Richmond was a little peeuish
A king perhaps,
King. How chance the Prophet co
Haue told me, I being by, that I shou
Buck. My Lord, your promise fo
King. Richmond, when last I was
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the

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